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The tragedy of the *Culloden* helplessly aground at the battle of the Nile is relieved by Nelson's noble and successful insistence, "for heaven's sake, for my sake," that Troubridge should be equally honored with his other captains. But those black, maddening hours on the shoals were not the only tragedy of Troubridge's career; and it is with feelings of deep sadness that we read of his breach with Nelson and finally of the cyclone in which he and his ship went down together.

We get graphic pictures of the splendid exploits of the gigantic, dauntless Hallowell; a good portrait of Ball, the philosopher-sailor, Nelson's great friend, distinguished at the Nile and hero of the siege of Malta; and one of the gallant opponent of Linois, Saumarez, whom, it is unpleasant to remember, Nelson unjustly disliked in spite of his great daring and superb seamanship. Sketches are also given of Parker, of Pellew (Lord Exmouth), of Foley, and lastly of Hardy, who was "imperishably linked to the memory of Nelson by the pathos of the immortal scene in the cockpit of the *Victory*, and by the half-womanly tenderness" of Nelson's dying words, in which "Hardy's name is enshrined for all time." With him, who beyond all others was the "comrade Nelson would have chosen to hold his hand as he died," and in whose coffin Nelson's portrait lies, the interesting and inspiring volume closes.

W. F. TILTON.

The Story of General Bacon. By ALNOD J. BOGER. (London: Methuen and Company. 1903. Pp. xii, 308.)

IN our American generation of Civil War veterans, all of whom have experienced the daily toils and pleasures of campaigning, there has always been an audience for the personal narrative of a soldier; since the Boer War this class in Great Britain has multiplied. The technical military history commands fewer readers. Human sympathy goes out towards the individual, not the army corps. It is a long hark back to Waterloo, and yet the story of one who there bore arms loses not interest. A direct descendant of Anthony (brother of Francis Lord Bacon) and son of one of the richest commoners in England; the youngster who even at Eton refused to take a birching at the hands of the famous flogger Keats, because a commission in the Sixteenth Light Dragoons had been provided for him before he left school, and he was already entitled to wear the king's uniform; the youngster whose father never gave him a regular allowance, but paid his debts from time to time, was apt to grow up wayward. And this in a way Bacon was; but he appears to have learned to ride and fence and speak the truth — a mighty good education, properly construed, to-day.

Joining his regiment in Spain in 1813 young Bacon, then seventeen years old, found himself among a lot of veterans of twenty-two and three who had been in the field for four years; but, like most cavalry officers, he saw more of hardy but innocuous outpost duty and less of hard fighting than he would have seen in the foot, on whom falls four-fifths of the desperate work of the assault or the battle. He had, from an adjoining hill, "a

complete bird's-eye view of the first battle of Sorauren," one that does not often fall to the lot of a subaltern; and he was an interested spectator at the siege of San Sebastian, while Graham's men lay on their faces at the foot of the rampart into which the batteries were pouring shot within a few feet of their backs to make a breach big enough for them to mount it over a *chevaux-de-frise* of sword-blades. No wonder when he saw it afterwards he deemed "the great breach a ghastly spectacle of slaughter." With his regiment Bacon served until the end of the war in 1814. In love with the life, he then hoped to be ordered to America, but the Sixteenth was not chosen. It was, however, not long after its return to England before Napoleon's return from Elba sent all available troops over to Belgium, and from a half-pay lieutenant Bacon again found himself on active duty as lieutenant of the Tenth Hussars. The Waterloo campaign is fairly described, and a generous word for Blücher and the French is thrown in. Indeed, there is no disparagement of the enemy in these pages. They are given their due meed of praise, while the British soldier's good qualities are magnified, and sometimes his ill ones are not forgotten. It is the instinct of that greatest of virtues, patriotism, that exalts our own soldier beyond any other.

Before Waterloo, Bacon's regiment was with the party that traced Blücher's direction after Ligny, so as to enable Wellington to take corresponding action. At the battle his regiment was one of those that did not get put in until the end, the men and officers fretting their ardent souls away within gunshot of their brothers locked in mortal struggle with the foe. But when their time came, they had their full share. Bacon, struck in two places in the charge, with eight other officers and forty-five men killed and wounded of the Tenth, lay unconscious on the field, was robbed by night-hawks, and next morning was picked up and nursed back to life. One of the bullets he carried, near his knee, the rest of his life.

Midway in the seventeen succeeding years of peace, Bacon married Lady Charlotte Harley, the beautiful girl to whom Byron dedicated his *Childe Harold*. He served in various places, including Madras and Gibraltar. His father did not leave him rich. In 1825 we find him major of the Seventeenth Lancers; in 1832, in the Civil War in Portugal, Colonel Bacon formed a regiment of lancers to go again to the Peninsula. Nearly half the book is taken up by his experiences at this time, when he saw a good deal of fighting. But more interesting are some of the difficulties in managing the troops under his command as general officer, and the notes made of the barbarous practice of flogging — fancy the horror of three hundred lashes! While disapproving the penalty, he once executed the sentence of a court martial in the presence of a mutinous regiment, controlling the men by his personal bearing alone. "It is unwise as well as impolitic to continue a description of punishment which, from its degrading and disgusting nature, puts men below the level of beasts," he writes.

In the siege of Oporto, during which his wife bravely stood beside him, "donkeys, dogs, cats and horse-flesh were eagerly devoured when-

ever procurable," and the ration (when issued) was "two ounces of rice, two ounces of salt fish, half a pint of port wine and one ship's biscuit." "A slice of dog, well-peppered, devilled, and fried in oil and butter on the lid of a mess-tin was a luxurious repast." What memories of "fried hardtack" does this not evoke for the veteran of the Army of the Potomac! After this war Bacon resided partly in England, partly in Portugal, striving to recover the moneys he had personally advanced to the cause he served — which of course he never recovered. It is not only republics which are ungrateful. When the Crimean War broke out he was nearing sixty, but being "without doubt the best cavalry officer I have ever seen," as Lord Anglesey had said, he expected a chance of service. He was grievously disappointed to have the command of the Seventeenth Lancers entrusted to another. He died in 1864. This volume, by his grandson, is well done, though one could wish that more of Bacon's own letters could have been quoted. It is light to hold and the print is clear. Unless the literature of the Boer and Spanish wars monopolize readers, it should have a good sale.

THEODORE AYRAULT DODGE.

Correspondence of Lady Burghersh with the Duke of Wellington. Edited by her daughter, LADY ROSE WEIGALL. (London: John Murray and Company. 1903. Pp. vii, 220.)

WHILE possessing in high measure the attributes of the great man of action, His Grace the Duke of Wellington has been usually characterized as of a stern unsympathetic nature, as a man who lived, through success and glory, fame and riches, a solitary, cheerless life. There is a grain of truth in this view of the great soldier, though many estimates of him exaggerate it, going so far as to represent him as sitting in his old age "lonely in the bleak and comfortless surroundings that he chose, while friendship and family affection passed him by." Yet the chief who so far won the regard of his subordinate officers in the Deccan that when he left that command they presented him with a service of plate worth £ 2,000 sterling — though this is measuring sentiment by a vulgar plutocratic yardstick — could scarcely have lacked the human quality. And while the duke's despatches from the Peninsula were wont now and then to exhibit scant appreciation of the fidelity, courage, and stanch soldierly qualities of his officers and men, yet it can scarcely be denied that he won the esteem and respect of all around him, to as high a degree as any captain, if he did not command enthusiasm and love after the fashion of an Alexander or a Gustavus.

Captain Arthur Wellesley was one of the aides-de-camp of the Earl of Westmoreland, who was lord lieutenant of Ireland from 1790 to 1795. When Sir Arthur went to Portugal in 1812 he took on his own staff Lord Burghersh, the son of his ancient chief; and this gentleman later married Sir Arthur's niece, Priscilla Anne, daughter of the Earl of Mornington. This couple remained attached to the Duke of Wellington by the warmest ties; and it was to "My Dearest Priscilla" that most of the letters in